

A Suspicious Character

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE
Of The Vigilantes

The other day in the city where I live there was a patriotic parade. It was announced that every patriot was expected to uncover when the Stars and Stripes swept by. During the parade everybody did it.

Standing on the curbstone was an unkempt individual, with straggly hair, and a wild, desperate eye, who kept looking about him uneasily, when the crowd pressed against him he hitched himself away, but he must have seen the hats come off as the colors swept down the thoroughfare. When the flag was only half a block away, this man lifted his hand but instead of removing his hat he drew it farther down upon his head. His action was noticed.

"Uncover!" yelled somebody in the crowd. The crowd, like a lot of children, forgot all about the flag passing, and turned its attention to the man who hadn't taken off his hat.

"Where is he—where is he?" people asked.

"Uncover there—uncover," cried stentorian voices.

The man turned about and his hand strayed to his hat again. It seemed as though he was about to remove it. But three men pressed close to him—threateningly.

"You take your hat off, do you hear!" they shouted at him.

He drew away from them and pulled it more firmly down upon his head.

"Take that hat off—or I'll knock it off," cried one of the three men.

The wild-eyed man shook his head and kept drawing away.

"Uncover," cried the crowd, surging against the four principals, "make him uncover there."

"Slacker," yelled somebody.

"Traitor," cried somebody else.

The three men seized the offender and laid violent hands upon his hat.

The man clung to it desperately, throwing all his strength into his grasp. Then a police officer forced his way through the crowd.

"Officer," said one of the three men, "take this man in charge. We'll come with you. We'll make a complaint."

The officer seized the man by the arm.

"I will go—with you," gasped the man, "but not with them—not with them."

The three men followed the officer. The crowd trailed on behind, until they reached the nearest precinct station.

The culprit was led before the magistrate. As the man entered the courtroom, he took off his hat and bowed. The police officer stated his case—the three men made their complaint.

"Well," demanded the judge fiercely, "is this true?"

The offender bowed. "What they say is true," he admitted.

"Well," demanded the magistrate, impatiently, "what have you got to say for yourself?"

The man bowed. "Judge," he began, "I live all alone—and I am afraid of burglars."

The crowd that had trailed in laughed. The judge looked sternly at the man.

"Afraid of burglars," sneered the magistrate. "Is that the reason you didn't take your hat off to the flag?"

"No," the man returned, "but I am afraid of pickpockets."

"What's that got to do with it?" demanded the court.

"This," returned the man, "at my room I hide away my securities. But I am afraid if I leave them there they will be stolen, so I put them in my pocket."

"What's that got to do with it?" snapped the magistrate.

"When I saw the crowd," went on the wild-eyed man, "I was afraid my pocket would be picked. So I stepped into a corner and took all my securities and put them in my hat. And then these three men—these three, who look so much like pickpockets, they crowded close to me. And I took them to be pickpockets. And, though I saw the flag coming, I knew what would happen if I removed my hat. I knew these three men would snatch it from me, and take all I have."

The magistrate eyed the wild-eyed man with a cold eye.

"Good story," he said to the officer. "See what he's got in his hat."

The officer jerked the hat away from the offender and turned its contents out on the bench before the judge. The inside rim was stuffed with papers. Then he separated these papers and spread them out upon the desk. This is what he found:

One certificate of membership in the Red Cross.

One Red Cross receipt for a contribution of \$100 marked "Thanks" across the bottom.

A letter from the man's boy at the front, saying that he had been pretty badly wounded and was not expected to live.

A newspaper clipping sent out by the war department, announcing his death.

A war department letter confirming it.

A funeral notice, published three months later, announcing the death of the boy's mother here in town.

Five unregistered Liberty loan bonds of the denomination of \$100 each.

The magistrate beckoned to the

three men. Silently he exhibited the contents of the hat to them.

"Now, gentlemen," said the magistrate, "is there any one of you patriots who invested five hundred dollars in the Liberty loan, or who is a member of the Red Cross, or who has contributed a hundred dollars to the Red Cross, or who has lost a boy at the front? That's what I'd like to know."

The three patriots looked at each other, looked at the judge, looked at the wild-eyed man, looked at the cop, and then, with a grand manner of pickpockets, softly and silently slunk away.

Moral: How easy it is to make a noise like a patriot! Also, you can't most always tell!

ABOARD THE TRANSPORT

By AUGUSTUS THOMAS
of the Vigilantes

I haven't told our secret, dear, since my good-bye to you, but downers and birds were singing it. And flags and ribbons flung it. And golden sunshine bringing it down every breeze that blew.

It filled me as we crossed the pier to march aboard the boat. With every hand a playing it. The stepping feet a saving it. The singing tars belaying it. Filled eyes and heart and throat.

The story still goes on by night. Though all the bunting's furled; The tightening ropes are rattling it. The speeding waves are prattling it. The whispering stars are tattling it. And telling all the world.

I know when we get where they fight And beckoning death shall call. Where bursting steel is shelling it. And flaming guns are belling it. And deadly fate is helling it. Our love will last them all.

PHANTOMS

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE
of the Vigilantes

In Seattle, Wash., during one of the Red Cross drives, I was one of an audience of 3,000 people that crowded a huge motion picture theater on a Saturday night. There was a special appeal made from the platform for immediate contributions. The result of this appeal was the immediate subscription of \$30,000—or \$10 a head, for every man, woman and child in the audience. As that large audience surged out into the brilliantly lighted street I noted that the street was occupied by a goodly company of soldiers, drawn up at attention, saluting the audience as it went by. There must have been 500 of them. I stepped to the curbstone and approached the commanding officer, who saluted as I came.

"Who," I queried, "are these men—what are they doing here?"

The officer smiled—his eyes flashed. "These," he said, "are the 500 members of the National army whose lives are going to be saved because your audience this evening contributed \$30,000 to the Red Cross fund."

He finished speaking to me. He turned and gave an order. On the instant the 500 soldiers vanished into thin air. And then I realized that they weren't there—they hadn't been there at all, save in my imagination. They were phantoms.

But—were they phantoms? Do they exist? They were not in that street ranged up before that theater—are they anywhere? They are not phantoms—they do exist—and they are somewhere today either in the trenches or about to enter them. They may be in France—they may be here—but they are real, those 500 men whose lives will be saved by that audience who subscribed that evening their average of \$10 apiece. How many men are there whose lives will not be saved because there's nobody to put up the cash? Are they phantoms, too? Let us hope they are.

HOW TO SAVE \$1,000,000

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS
of the Vigilantes

Of course, you bought an extra Liberty bond; that is, one more than you had expected to, or thought that you could afford. You bought it because the need was so rubbed into you that you could not hold back. Now sit down and calculate what it cost to sell you that extra bond. Put down all the items: printing, engraving, advertising, mailing, telephoning, shoe leather, man-power and office-room diverted from their normal earning—the bill is so big that you are appalled at having to pay it. For you do pay it. It has all got to come out of you, sooner or later, somewhere. There is no mysterious well-spring of money to meet such expenditures. The country pays.

Before the next Liberty loan campaign—and there will be a next, and a next, if we don't want to be annexed by Germany—suppose we face that enormous bill, size it up fairly, and decide that we can't afford it. Then let every citizen become his own bond-seller. All he has to do is to shout at himself what the sellers of bonds are shouting at him: that it's your money or your life, these days, and that those who, safe at home, give their money, have the easy end of the loan. You have to lift yourself by your own bootstraps, that's all. Try it. It's an exhilarating exercise, and far more dignified than being hoisted. In England and France, you know, they don't have to get up vaudeville shows to sell their war bonds. The Huns attend to all that—they give performances on the roof.

Asparagus waste now furnishes a good quality of cellulose, this having been accomplished through the discovery of a German scientist.

Comfort and Entertainment for Soldiers

Theaters, Libraries, Hostess Houses and Club Rooms Meet Need of Men in Camp



LIBERTY THEATER, CAMP TAYLOR, LOUISVILLE, KY.

THE war and navy departments' commissions on training camp activities were created at the beginning of the war to supply our young men everywhere in training with the normalities of life. Raymond B. Fosdick, chairman of these two commissions, wished to accomplish this by creating as little new machinery as possible. Therefore, the Young Men's Christian association, the Knights of Columbus, the Jewish Welfare board, the American Library association and all such already existing organizations were called upon to lend their cooperation. The Young Women's Christian association came into the camps later with that unique institution, the Hostess House. This house was designed primarily to take care of women visitors to the camps and furnish a place of meeting between them and the men.

The commissions were determined to cover the whole ground in furnishing amusement, recreation and educational facilities for the soldiers and sailors. Wherever there seemed to be a gap that no existing agency was particularly prepared to fill the commission supplied the need direct, meeting the problem of a place to go to and be entertained in the evenings. The post exchange, or soldier's co-operative stores, were similarly started in the 16 National army camps, and furnish a place where the men may spend their money. Everything is on sale there from a shoe shine to a pink valentine and from an ice cream soda to a song book of the kind that the men use when they gather together by the thousands for mass singing.

Club life in the camps is furnished through the Y. M. C. A. and the K. of C., and in a few camps the Jewish Welfare buildings. Men may read, write, loaf and smoke, listen to music and write letters home in these buildings. Also, in the auditorium of each building, entertainments of all sorts or held. Camp talent musicals, athletic stunts, and imported entertainment programs all take place here. In addition to those given in the larger Y. M. C. A. auditorium in each camp, and in the Liberty theaters, the Hostess House furnishes the home life of the camp and has come to be popular with the men in the evenings all during the week. With the library to furnish him with plenty of good reading matter, and a quiet place to read in; with the post exchange playing the role of country store or corner drug store not only in supplying his needs, but in furnishing a place to meet his friends and swap stories—the men's needs are pretty thoroughly taken care of.

Thirty-six library buildings have already been completed in the military camps of the country, and others are under way. These buildings are made possible by a special grant from the Carnegie corporation of \$320,000, and other funds.

The type of building chosen is new in the library world. They are wooden structures of rather plain design, similar to the usual type of buildings found in modern camps. Most of the buildings in the cantonments are 120 by 40 feet, while those in smaller camps are 93 by 40 feet. Special attention has been given to adequate facilities for heating, ventilation and light, and many features are now being added to make these quiet, restful buildings more attractive and inviting than would be expected in the usual camp equipment. Some of the buildings have spacious open fireplaces built into inviting nooks. Others have closed porches, and all are equipped with fire extinguishers, drinking fountains and running water.

The interior is one large reading room, with two bedrooms located at one end for housing the library staff. Trained librarians are in charge of each building. All of the shelves are open for inspection and contain from 10,000 to 20,000 volumes. Each building has a comfortable seating capacity for about 200 readers. In the library building is housed the main supply of books for the camp, and from it branches are maintained in the barracks, the mess halls, hospitals, Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. buildings.

Each of the sixteen National army camps has been provided by the commissions on training camp activities with a Liberty theater building, having seating capacity of 3,000 and a stage accommodating the scenery for "Broadway" productions. These buildings are furnished with real footlights, dressing rooms and scenery for any ordinary production. There is also an orchestra pit where regimental bands play at every performance.

Nine theaters of a smaller type have been completed in the National Guard camps and others are in course of construction. The entire sixteen



INTERIOR OF LIBRARY AT CAMP GRANT, ROCKFORD, ILL.



INTERIOR OF HOSTESS HOUSE, CAMP LEWIS, WASHINGTON



NAVY YMCA BUILDING AT PHILADELPHIA

of these will have these buildings when the plan is completed. The approximate size of the larger cantonment theaters is 175 by 120 feet, with a seating capacity of from 2,500 to 3,000. The stages in these theaters are 60 by 32 feet and the floor of the house 132 by 120 feet. The National Guard camps' theaters have a seating capacity of 1,000; the building is 90 by 120 feet and the stage 22 by 40 feet. The house floors are approximately 90 by 60 feet.

Each theater has five entrances and fifteen exits, and is so constructed as to be easily emptied in case of fire. Much of the work of constructing these theaters has been carried on by the many electricians, scene painters and other expert mechanics who were discovered in the camps. Chautauque tents are used for "shows" in the smaller camps, where regular dramatic productions, vaudeville and movies are provided by the government for the men.

The Hostess House is a large, brown, bungalow-like building set near the entrance to the camp, and stands out distinctly against the background of unpainted army buildings.

Of the \$3,000,000 Y. W. C. A. war fund, \$1,350,000 was appropriated as an initial fund in starting the Hostess House work. Seventy of these buildings are already in operation. Some of the larger cantonments have two or even three where the number of negro troops makes one seem advisable for colored women. Women architects have had the entire charge of the plans for the Hostess Houses. While these houses vary somewhat in size and detail, according to the demands of the situation, in general structure and style they are similar. The utmost degree of attractiveness in keeping with camp life has been attained both inside and outside of these buildings. Each one has a large chimney in the middle of the living room, a rest room for women, out of which opens a fully-equipped nursery; and the back of the building houses a cafeteria, where attractive meals are served. The buildings are electric lighted and steam heated, as are also the sun parlors which usually extend across two sides of the house. The second floor of the larger buildings contains not only the bedrooms of the resident hostesses and staffs, but emergency sleeping quarters for women stranded in camp.

The Y. M. C. A. has been on the ground from the first. Before the camps were entirely completed they had their headquarters established in tents and were present with a welcome to the incoming recruits. They dispensed information and good cheer. In fact, one of their representatives accompanied each of the incoming troop trains, going from car to car, addressing the men informally, telling them what the Y. M. C. A. stood for in camp and preparing them for the sort of thing that would greet them at camp. The Y. M. C. A. operates 178 army and navy stations at present. At the largest of these there are 14 buildings with a large force of secretaries and other officials.

The new standard service or so-called type "E" Y. M. C. A. building is an interesting architectural achievement. It is the last word in utility, compactness, economy of space, material and money efficiency and adaptability to a multitude of dissimilar uses. The problem was to find buildings that would be "all things to all men" in the cantonments. The demand was for some sort of structure that would simultaneously be home, club, church, schoolhouse and entertainment center for the men in the ranks, a place where the whole varied army Y. M. C. A. program could be going on at one time without any phase seriously interfering with other phases of the work; where there would be facilities for the movies, the lectures, or the religious talks, and where at the same time the man who wanted to write home, buy a stamp or a money order, wrap up a package, borrow a book or a magazine, play a game

of checkers or chess, enjoy a chat with his chum or a heart-to-heart talk with the secretary could do so.

The type "E" building—with its modification, the type "F" building in use in National Guard camps—is the solution of the problem. Only a visit to one of these great camp centers, however, can give an adequate idea of how admirably it fulfills its purpose. The six-story Y. M. C. A.

buildings are easily distinguishable by their dark green coat of stain from the bare and unpainted barracks that flank them. Numerous broad windows in the roof flood the interior with sunshine, and doors placed at convenient intervals afford ready access. Alongside and parallel to the large wing snugly a smaller one, connected to the larger by a broad passage way.

Once inside of the building, it is seen that the larger wing is the auditorium, the smaller the social hall. In the former are permanent benches, a stage at the far end with a piano on it and a moving-picture screen. Shelf-desks for writing run all around the walls and two long hinged shelves, one in the middle of each half of the auditorium, are ingeniously fastened to the posts that support the roof, and may be raised for writing or lowered when the room is to be used for any gathering.

At the end of the smaller wing farthest from the desk (which is located in the connecting passageway) a huge stone or brick fireplace lends a cheerful, homelike atmosphere.

At the big cantonments a Y. M. C. A. headquarters building is necessary, and from it the activities in all the centers in any one camp are directed. There the head camp secretary, the camp athletic director, the camp song leader, the camp religious work director and the other head secretaries have their offices and rooms. Their building likewise is the scene of convenience and efficient arrangement. It is an oblong two-story structure with the entrance slightly to the right of the middle of the longer side. This entrance leads into a diminutive lobby, where are desks, very welcome heating furnaces for the entire building, chairs and halls leading to right and left. Numerous offices for the various camp secretaries, a larger committee room, and storerooms lined with shelves on shelves and filled with all manner of requisites for the camp work open onto the two halls. Clear across one end of the building at the extreme end of the hall is a one-story "lean-to" storeroom for heavier materials and supplies. This place is equipped with scales, truck, small block and tackle and the like.

The second floor of the headquarters building is divided lengthwise by a hall which runs from end to end. Doors on this open into the bedrooms of the secretaries, into a well-filled linen closet and into the bathroom. The latter is equipped with basin, shower bath and other customary fixtures. Every inch of space is skillfully made use of.

In addition to the auditorium comprising one wing of every type "E" building, a huge central auditorium is building in each of the large cantonments. This structure measures 131 by 105 feet and will seat 2,800 men. Several hundred more can be accommodated in the standing room. This type of building will be used for staging plays, vaudeville, concerts, lectures and the large religious gatherings.

The building known as type "F" is in use in some of the camps, and cantonments for serving smaller units instead of the type "E" structure. The "F" building is simply the "E" building with the social hall left off, and is used for serving units of less than 2,000 men.

The total number of Y. M. C. A. buildings either in operation or under construction in the camps and cantonments of this country is somewhat in excess of four hundred. Of these about 150 are standard service buildings and approximately 125 of the "F" type. Besides these permanent buildings 150 tents are in use at various points. Headquarters buildings for each of the 32 National army cantonments and National Guard camps are included in the total, as well as 18 auditoriums for the National army, for one embarkation camp and one regular army expansion camp. A standard service building costs usually from \$7,500 to \$9,000.